

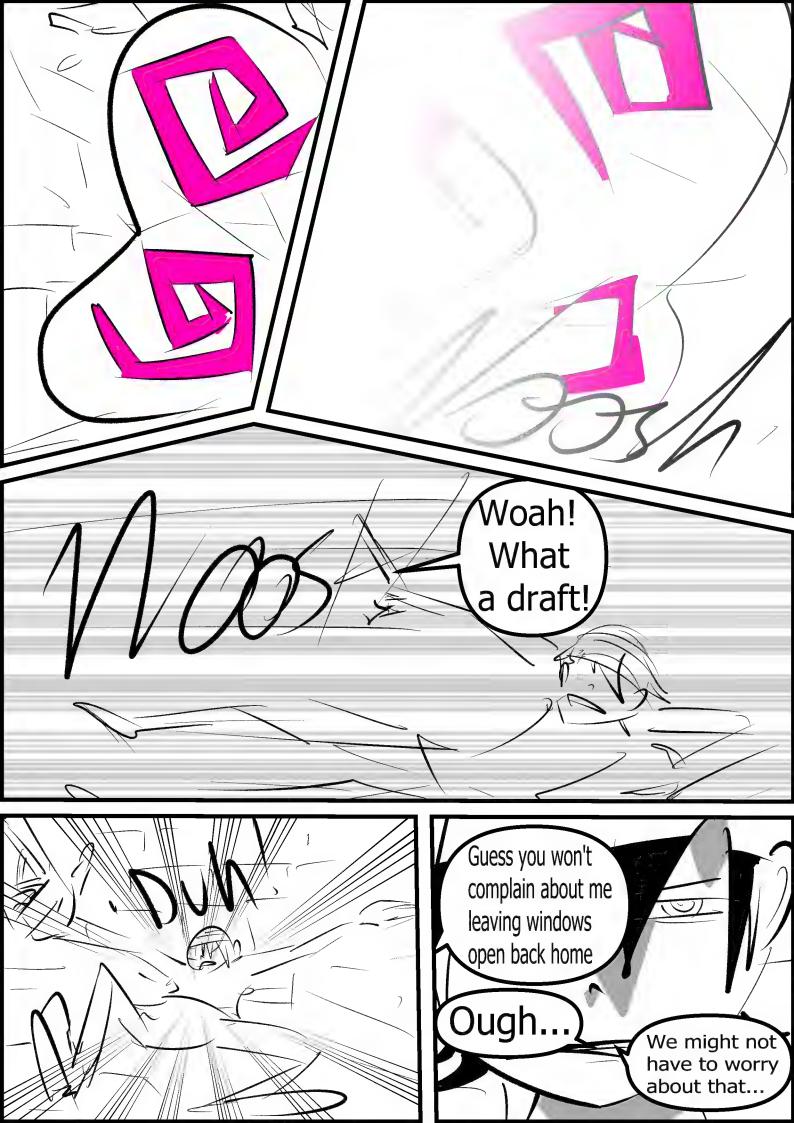


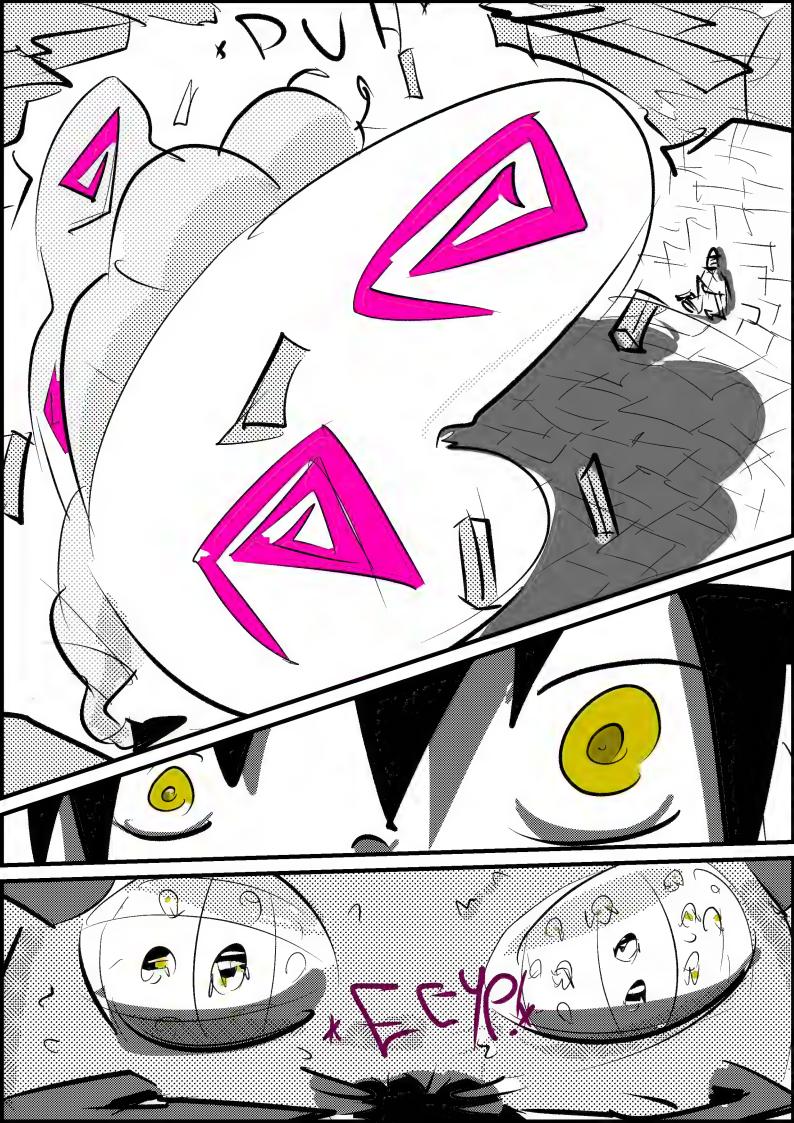


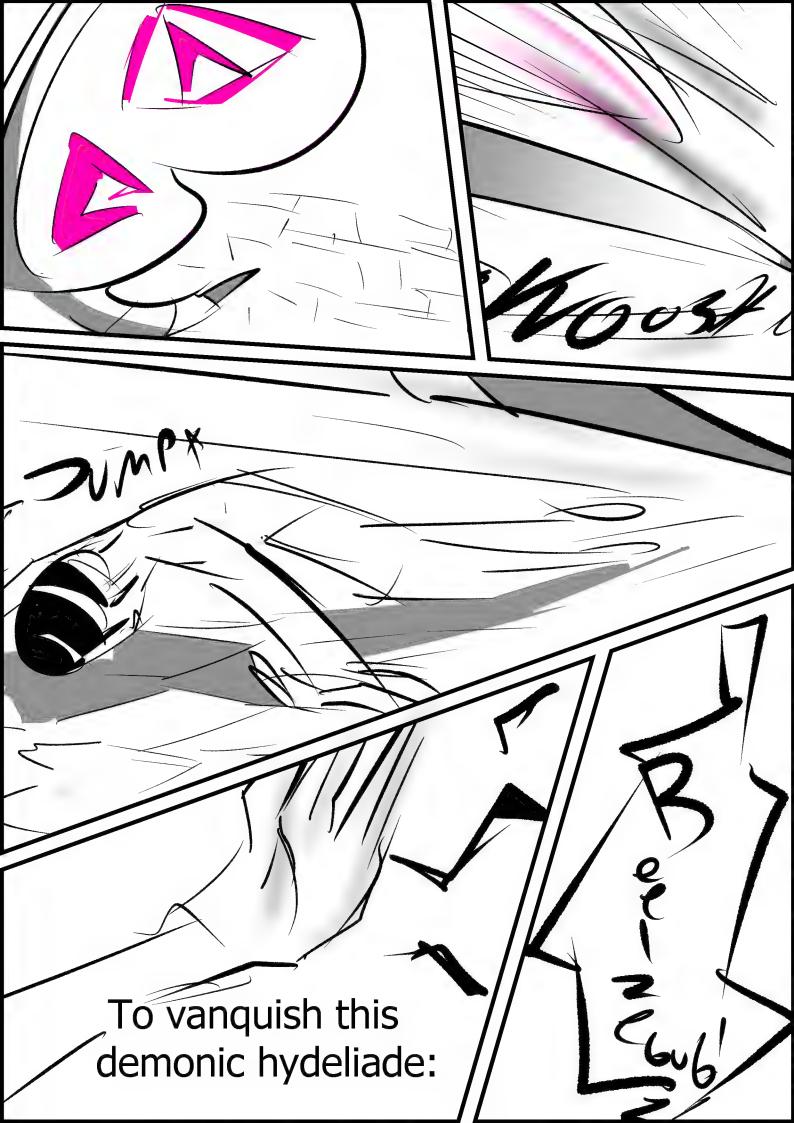




TRAINING WITH LIZ MISTAKE























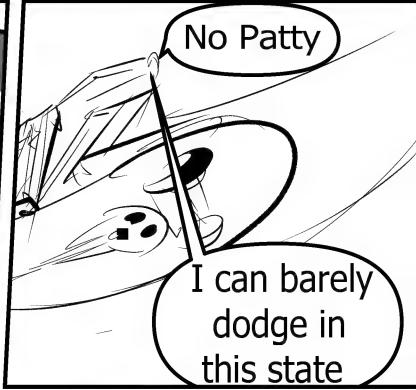
ho veleas é rige in the momen



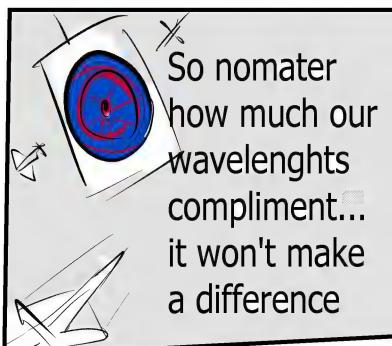








I can't even aim properly without my other arm...



Maybe Liz was right, and our whole plan will turn out to have been a childish escapade













the result WHA of own, nay, 50V



















A wind as chao ticas the wicketnes Kid, af this world body cont survive such Ahumah Lurbulence especially after an exhaustive bottle Only a neaper can. I my footishes leads me to the eye of the storm: so be it

am right wish only wind will fall of oind the After it gets prize of Ceast can and along SURVIVE 

